

GONE HOME.

Tune—Carrier Dove.

Lines in memory of my dear friend Mrs. Martin
Burch.

By C. B. SOUTHWICK, Middletown, Vt.

I miss this dear friend from my own quiet home,
At morning, at noon, and at eve,
And sad are all hours for she never will come,
Though I for her absence now grieve.

CHORUS—Her home is above in that bright land of love
Which Jesus hath gone to prepare,
She hath reached the fair shore where pain is no more,
Forever God's glory she'll share.

No longer shall suffering her spirit control,
Released from its earthly abode,
The waves of affliction no more o'er her roll
For she walks no more life's thorny road.

CHORUS.—

She cannot return since she's crossed the cold wave,
To wish for her presence is vain,
But we trust in His grace, who hath power to save,
And hope that our loss is her gain.

CHORUS—

May we meet by and by in that blessed clime,
When life's conflicts here are all past,
Where the glory of God forever will shine,
May we meet in that Kingdom at last.

CHORUS—

Her home is above in that bright land of love,
Which Jesus hath gone to prepare;
She hath reached the fair shore where pain is no more,
Forever God's glory she'll share.

C. B. S.